SERGEANT McCLINTOCK.

"OVER THERE"

The Thrill and the Hell of the Trenches, Described by an American Boy.

Sergeant Alexander McClintock of Lexington, Ky., and the Canadian Army Has Gripping Tale That Every American Will Read, For He Tells the Facts—Unadorned. Wounded, a Distinguished Conduct Medal Man, He Was Invalided Home, but Is Going "Out There" Again to Fight For Uncle Sam and His Allies. An Inspiring, Interesting, Personal Narrative, Full of the Spirit and Atmosphere of the Trenches.

No. 4. Shifted to the Somme

By Sergeant Alexander McClintock, D. C. M., 87th Overseas Batt., Canadian Gren. Guards.

Sergeant McClintock is an American boy of Lexington, Ky., who has seen service in France, was decorated for bravery, wounded, invalided home and now is returning to accept a commission. This is the fourth article in the series. In the first article he told of his training up to the point where he reached the front line trenches. In the second he outlined the elaborate preparations for a bomb raid, and in the third the disastrous raid was described.

A FEW days after the bombing raid, which ended so disastrously for us, our battalion was relieved from duty on the front line, and the tip we got was that we were to go down to the biz show then taking place on the Somme. Our relief was a division of Australians. You see, the sector which we had held in Belgium was a sort of preparatory school for the regular fighting over in France.

It wasn't long before we got into what you might call the big league contest, but in the meanwhile we had a little rest from battling Fritz and the opportunity to observe some things which seem to me to be worth telling about. Those of you who are exclusively fond of the stirring detail of war, such as shooting and being shot at and bombing and bayoneting, need only skip a little of this. We had an entirely satisfactory amount of smoke and excitement later.

As soon as our relief battalion had got in we moved back to Poperinghe for a couple of days' rest. We were a pretty contented and jovial lot, our platoon especially. We were all glad to get away from the strain of holding a front trench, and there were other advantages. For instance, the alterations of our muster due to casualties had not come through battalion headquarters, and therefore we had in our platoon sixty-three rum rations night and morning and only sixteen men.

It Was Good Clean Fighting. Nobody Fired a Shot.

There was a Canadian Scot in our crowd who said that the only word which described the situation was "g-r-r-r-a-nd!"

There was a good deal of jealousy at that time between the Canadians and the Australians. Each had the same force in the field—four divisions. Either force was bigger than any other army composed exclusively of volunteers ever before assembled. While I belong to the Canadian army and believe the Canadian overseas forces the finest troops ever led to war, I must say that I have never seen a body of men so magnificent in average physique as the Australians. And some of them were even above the high average. The man that punched me in the eye in an "estamina" in Poperinghe made up entirely in his own person for the absence of Les Darcy from the Australian ranks. I don't know just how the fight started between the Australians and us in Poperinghe, but I know that it took three regiments of Imperial troops to stop it. The most convincing story I heard of the origin of the battle was told me by one of our men, who said he was there when it began. He said one of the Australians had carelessly remarked that the British generals had decided it was time to get through with the sideshow in Belgium, and this was the reason why they had sent regular troops like the Australians in to relieve the Canadians.

Then some sensitive Canadian wished the Australians luck and hoped they'd finish it up as well as they had the affair in the Dardanelles. After that our two days' rest was made up principally of beating it out of estaminas when strategic requirements suggested a new base or beating it into estaminas when it looked as if we could act as efficient re-enforcements. That fight never stopped for forty-eight hours, and the only places it didn't include were the church and the hospitals. I'll bet to this day that the Belgians who run the estaminas in Poperinghe will duck behind the bars if you just mention Canada and Australia in the same breath.

But I'm bound to say that it was good, clean fighting. Nobody fired a shot, nobody pulled a bayonet, and nobody got the wrong idea about anything. The Australian heavyweight champion who landed on me went right out in the street and saluted one of our lieutenants. We had just one satisfying reflection after the fight was over—the Australian battalion that relieved us fell heir to the counterattack which the Germans sent across to even up on our bombing raid.

Down to the Somme.

We began our march to the Somme by a hike to St. Omer, the first British headquarters in Europe. Then we stopped for a week about twenty miles from Calais, where we underwent a course of intensified training for open fighting. The infantry tactics, in which we were drilled, were very similar to those of the United States army, those which, in fact, were originated by the United States troops in the days of Indian fighting. We covered most of the ground around Calais on our stomachs in open order. While it may seem impertinent for me, a mere noncom, to express an opinion about the larger affairs of the campaign, I think I may be excused for saying that the war didn't at all take the course which was expected and hoped for after the fight on the Somme. Undoubtedly the allies expected to break through the German line. That is well known now. While we were being trained near Calais for open warfare a very large force of cavalry was being assembled and prepared for the same purpose. It was never used.

That was last August, and the allies haven't broken through yet. Eventually I believe they will break through, but in my opinion men who are drawn for service in the first half million of our new American army will be veterans in Europe before the big break comes which will wreck the Prussian hope of success in this war. And if we of the U. S. A. don't throw in the weight to beat the Prussians now they will not be beaten, and in that case the day will not be very far distant when we will have to beat them to save our homes and our nation. War is a dreadful and inglorious and ill smelling and cruel thing. But if we hold back now we will be in the logical position of a man hesitating to go to grips with a drunken, savage, shrieking, spewing maniac who has all but whipped his proper keepers and is going after the onlooker. However, I wish we had had two months more of weather on the Somme. There might have been a different story to tell.

Simplified Medicine.

We got drafts of recruits before we went to the Somme, and some of our wounded men were sent back to England, where we had left our "safety first battalion." That was really the Fifty-first battalion of the Fourth division of the Canadian forces, composed of the physically rejected, men recovering from wounds and men injured in training. The Tommies, however, called it the "safety first" or "Major Gilday's Light Infantry." Major Gilday was our battalion surgeon. He was immensely popular, and he achieved a great name for himself. He made one realize what a great personal force a doctor can be and what an unnecessary elaboration there is in the civil practice of medicine.

Under Major Gilday's administration no man in our battalion was sick if he could walk, and if he couldn't walk there was a reasonable suspicion that he was drunk. The major simplified medicine down to an exact science of two forms of treatment and two remedies—"number nines" and whale oil. "Number nines" were pale oval pills, which, if they had been eggs, would have run about eight to an omelet for six persons. They had an internal effect which could only be defined as dynamic. After our men had become acquainted with them through personal experience they stopped calling them "number nines" and called them "whiz-bangs." There were only two possibilities of error under Major Gilday's system of simplified medicine. One was to take a whiz-bang for trench feet and the other to use whale oil externally for some form of digestional hesitancy. And in either case no permanent harm could result, while the error was as simple of correction as the command "about face." Blighty was therefore not very popular with our battalion, blighty being the trench name for the hospital.

Two weeks and a half after we left Belgium we arrived at Albert, having marched all the way. The sight which met our eyes as we rounded the rock quarry hill outside of Albert was wonderful beyond description. I remember how tremendously it impressed my pal, Macfarlane. He sat by the roadside and looked round over the landscape as if he were fascinated.

"Boy," said he, "we're at the big show at last."

Poor fellow! It was not only the big show, but the last performance for

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him. Within sight of the spot where he sat wondering he later fell in action and died. The scene which so impressed him gave us all a feeling of great awe. Great shells from a thousand guns were streaking and criss-crossing the sky. Without glasses I counted thirty-nine of our observation balloons. Away off in the distance I saw one German captive balloon. The other aircraft were uncountable. They were everywhere, apparently in hundreds. There could have been no more wonderful panorama picture of war in its new aspect.

Our battalion was in and out of the town of Albert several days waiting for orders. The battle of Courcelette was then in progress, and the First, Second and Third Canadian divisions were holding front positions at terrible cost. In the first part of October, 1916, we "went in" opposite the famous Regina trench. The battleground was just miles and miles of debris and shell holes. Before we went to our position the officers and non-coms were taken in by scouts to get the lay of the land. These trips were called "Cook's tours." On one of them I went through the town of Poizers twice and didn't know it. It had a population of 12,000 before the war. On the spot where it had stood not even a whole brick was left, it seemed. Its demolition was complete. That was an example of the condition of the whole country over which our forces had blasted their way for ten miles since the previous July. There were not even landmarks left.

The "Cook's Tour."

On the night when we went in to inspect the positions we were to hold, our scouts, leading us through the flat desert of destruction, got completely turned round and took us back through a trench composed of shell holes connected up until we ran into a battalion of another brigade. The place was dreadful beyond words. The stench of the dead was sickening. In many places arms and legs of dead men stuck out of the trench walls.

We made a fresh start after our blunder, moving in single file and keeping in touch each with the man ahead of him. We stumbled along in the darkness through this awful labyrinth until we ran into some of our own scouts at 2 a. m. and found that we were halfway across No Man's land, several hundred yards beyond our front line and likely to be utterly wiped out in twenty seconds should the Germans sight us. Fine guides we had on this "Cook's tour." At last we reached our proper position, and fifteen minutes after we got there a whiz-bang, a low explosive murderer, buried me completely. They had to dig me out. A few minutes later a high explosive shell fell in a trench section where three of our men were stationed. All we could find after it exploded were one arm and one leg, which we buried. The trenches were without trench mats, and the mud was from six inches to three feet deep all through them. There were no dugouts, only merely miserable "funk holes," dug where it was possible to dig them without uncovering dead men. We remained in this position four days, from the 17th to the 21st of October, 1916.

There were reasons, of course, for the difference between conditions in Belgium and on the Somme. On the Somme we were constantly preparing for a new advance, and we were only temporarily established on ground which we had but recently taken after long drumming with big guns. The trenches were merely shell holes connected by ditches. Our old and ubiquitous and variously useful friend, the sandbag, was not pressed in any capacity, and therefore we had no parapets or dugouts. The communication trenches were all blown in, and everything had to come to us overland, with the result that we never were quite sure when we would get ammunition, rations or relief forces. The most awful thing was that the soil all about us was filled with freshly buried men. If we undertook to cut a trench or enlarge a funk hole our spades struck into human flesh and the explosion of a big shell along our line sent decomposed and dismembered and sickening mementos of an earlier fight showering among us. We lived in the muck and stench of "glorious" war, those of us who lived.

The German Dugout—and What They Found.

Here and there along this line were the abandoned dugouts of the Germans, and we made what use of them we could, but that was little. I had orders one day to locate a dugout and prepare it for use as battalion headquarters. When I led a squad in to clean it up the odor was so overpowering that we had to put on our gas masks. On entering we first saw two dead nurses with our ghastly flashlights, one standing with her arm around a post, just as she had stood when gas or concussion killed her. Seated at a table in the middle of the place was the body of an old general of the German medical corps, his head fallen between his hands. The task of cleaning up was too dreadful for us. We just tossed in four or five fumite bombs and beat it out of there. A few hours later we went into the seared and empty cavern, made the roof safe with new timbers and notified battalion headquarters that the place could be occupied.

During this time I witnessed a scene which, with some others, I shall never forget. An old chaplain of the Canadian forces came to our trench section seeking the grave of his son, which had been marked for him on a rude map by an officer who had seen the young man's burial. We managed to find the spot, and at the old chaplain's request we exhumed the body. Some of us suggested to him that he give us the identification marks and retire out of range of the shells which were bursting all around us. We argued that it was unwise for him to remain in danger, but what we really intended was that he should be saved the horror of seeing the pitiful thing which our spades were about to uncover.

"I shall remain," was all he said. "He was my boy."

It proved that we had found the right body. One of our men tried to clear the features with his handkerchief, but ended by spreading the handkerchief over the face. The old chaplain stood beside the body and removed his trench helmet, baring his gray head to a drizzle of rain that was falling. Then while we stood by silently his voice rose amid the noise of bursting shells, repeating the burial service of the Church of England. I have never been so impressed by anything in my life as by that scene.

The dead man was a young captain. He had been married to a lady of Baltimore just before the outbreak of the war.

The philosophy of the British Tommies and the Canadians and the Australians on the Somme was a remarkable reflection of their fine courage through all that hell. They went about their work paying no attention to the flying death about them.

His Voice Rose Amid the Noise of Bursting Shells.

"If Fritz has a shell with your name and number on it," said a British Tommy to me one day, "you're going to get it, whether you're in the front line or seven miles back; if he hasn't, you're all right."

Fine fighters all. And the Scotch kilties, lovingly called by the Germans "the women from hell," have the respect of all armies. We saw little of the police, except a few on leave. All the men are self sacrificing to one another in that big melting pot from which so few ever emerge whole. The only things it is legitimate to steal in the code of the trenches are rum and "fags" (cigarettes). Every other possession is as safe as if it wore a patent lock.

The fifth article of this remarkable personal narrative will appear soon. It is entitled:

No. 5.—Wounded In Action.

This article describes the terrible days, the dead and dying, the loss of a pal and the final falling of McClintock in No Man's Land. Simply told, it is one of the most remarkable descriptions of a battle by a participant ever put together.

SAVE EVERY BIT

Don't Let a Pound of Food Rot on the Ground.

REDUCE YOUR GROCERY BILL.

Here Are the Points You Need to Know About Canning Vegetables and Fruits For the Wintry Days Ahead of Us All In Wartime.

(Prepared by National Emergency Food Garden Commission.)

Select sound vegetables and fruit. If possible, can them the same day they are picked. Wash clean and prepare them.

Have ready on the stove a can or pail of boiling water.

Place the vegetables or fruits in cheesecloth or in some other porous receptable—a wire basket is excellent—for dipping and blanching them in boiling water.

Put them whole into the boiling water. After the water begins to boil begin to count the blanching time.

The blanching time varies from one to twenty minutes according to the vegetable or fruit. When the blanching is complete remove the vegetables or fruits from the boiling water and plunge them a number of times into cold water to harden the pulp and check the flow of coloring matter. Do not allow to stand in cold water.

The containers should be thoroughly clean. It is not necessary to sterilize them in steam or boiling water before filling them, for the reason that in the cold pack process both the insides of containers and the contents are sterilized. The jars should be heated before the cold product is put in them.

Pack the product into the containers, leaving about a quarter of an inch of space at the top.

With vegetables add one level tea spoonful of salt to each quart container and fill with boiling water. With fruits use sirups.

With a glass jar always use a new rubber. Test the rubber by stretching or turning inside out. Fit on the rubber and put the lid in place. If the container has a screw, turn as hard as possible, but use only the thumb and little finger in tightening it. This makes it possible for steam generated within to escape and prevents breakage. If a glass top jar is used, snap the top half only, leaving the lower half loose during sterilization. Tin cans should be completely sealed.

Place the filled and capped containers on the rack in the sterilizer. If the homemade or commercial hot water bath outfit is used some authorities insist that enough water should be in the boiler to come at least one inch above the tops of the containers and that the water in boiling out should never be allowed to drop to the level of these tops. Begin to count processing time when the water begins to boil.

At the end of the sterilizing period remove the containers from the sterilizer. Fasten covers on tightly at once, tip each container over to test for leakage, and store. Be sure that no draft is allowed to blow on glass jars, as it may cause breaking.

If jars are to be stored where there is strong light, wrap them in paper, preferably brown, as light will fade the color of products canned in glass jars and sometimes ruin food value.

THE FEMININE SCOUT.

All Over the Country Girls Are Donning This Rig.

Cotton khaki cut just like a soldier boy's is the uniform adopted by girls who are learning to use firearms for

READY TO SHOOT.

home defense. Leggings over tan boots and a red silk bandanna kerchief as necktie give a picturesque dash to the somber khaki.

Timely Suggestion.

To make the old lids of fruit jars look like new boil them in weak vinegar twenty minutes and then scrub with soapsuds and a brush.

relatives at this place.

J. D. Ball and C. C. Hays made a business trip to Louisa recently.

Mrs. Joe Moore spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Jay Moore.

Att Moore of Ohio, is visiting his parents at this place.